

Witch Monastery

#Chapter 1: Hattie - Read Witch Monastery Chapter 1: Hattie

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Charles gradually regained consciousness. The moment he woke, a splitting headache assaulted him, as if he were suffering from a hangover.

Strange... I didn't drink last night, and I went to bed early...

Groaning, he forced his eyes open and glanced around—only for his surroundings to jolt him fully awake. His expression froze in shock.

Where... am I?

Before him was a plain, almost monotonous little room. The white walls and ceiling bore no decorations—not even a lamp.

All the light came from the warm sunlight streaming through the glass window beside him. He lay on a large bed near the window, covered by a yellow woolen blanket that was soft and carried a faint, pleasant fragrance.

Charles' brow furrowed.

No, I should be in my dorm. How did I end up here?

Baffled, he lifted the blanket, intending to get up and investigate—only to freeze again. He was wearing light gray cotton pajamas, and his calves were slender and pale, unlike an adult's.

What the...?

His confusion mounting, he pulled the pajama top aside slightly—and his blood ran cold.

Not only was there no hair down there, but the size was also significantly smaller than before.

What's going on?!

This...

This isn't my body!

Did I... transmigrate?

A wave of panic surged through him. Charles scrambled out of bed. On the wooden floor below sat a pair of small black leather slippers, and beside them, a wooden nightstand with a mirror.

He slipped his feet into the shoes, then turned to face the mirror.

And blinked in surprise.

Huh...

Not bad at all.

Reflected in the glass was a boy of about fifteen or sixteen—snow-white hair, sapphire-blue eyes, and flawless skin. His delicate features looked as if they had been meticulously carved by the gods themselves. Though his face still carried a hint of youthful softness, it only enhanced his charm, the kind that could stir a woman's maternal instincts.

Or something far less innocent.

"This..."

He reached up and pinched his own cheek. The softness confirmed it: he had indeed transmigrated. Fortunately, while the new body was a bit slender, it was undeniably attractive.

This should be a good start... right?

He wasn't sure. Just then, the door creaked open behind him.

Charles whirled around—and his jaw dropped.

So... beautiful.

Entering the room was a young nun. Her face was angelic, perfection incarnate. Sapphire-blue eyes gleamed like precious gems, framed by long golden lashes that shimmered like sunlight. Her delicate nose and thin yet vividly red lips exuded an allure that could tempt even the most devout.

She stood around 170 cm tall, clad in a traditional, heavy black nun's habit with a silver cross hanging from her neck. Yet, even the modest attire couldn't conceal the voluptuous curves beneath—especially the pair of ample, gravity-defying breasts that immediately seized Charles' attention.

The contrast between her pious garb and that sinful body sent a jolt through him—and his body reacted instantly.

Damn it, is this body too easily excitable?!

Cursing inwardly, Charles bent slightly, thankful for the loose pajamas hiding his predicament.

The nun observed his reaction, her lips curling into an amused smile. "It seems you've recovered well."

She glided to the foot of the bed, her voice soft. "Come here."

Charles studied her face. For some reason, she looked familiar. But when he tried to recall, a sharp pain stabbed his brain, cutting off all thoughts.

Fine, I'll figure it out later.

He moved to obey—but his body recoiled on its own, as if muscle memory had been carved by fear.

What the hell? Is this seemingly gentle nun actually some kind of sadistic drill sergeant in disguise?

Yikes.

Better play along for now.

"Sorry, Sister... um, miss," he said, clutching his head with a pained expression. "I'm not fully recovered yet. My head still hurts, and... I can't remember much."

He put on his most earnest face. "May I ask who you are?"

The nun blinked, then sighed in sorrow. "I see... You've lost your memories."

"Of course. It's to be expected. The fact that you're alive at all is already a miracle..."

Her grief twisted Charles' heart. Whatever relationship you had with the original owner, I'll live on in his place now.

"My name is Hattie," the nun said, composing herself. "And yours is Nigel Charles."

She gazed at him intently. "Do those names ring any bells?"

Charles?

This body's original owner shared my surname?

What are the odds? Well, at least it saves me some trouble.

But the name "Hattie" sent another pang through his skull—familiar yet elusive.

Probably the original's memories. Whatever. This nun seems kind enough. I can trust her.

He relaxed, adopting a pitiful expression. "They sound familiar, but... I really can't remember."

"Sister, is there anything else... that could help me remember?"

Across from him, the nun's face flushed slightly at his words. She bit her lower lip, as if steeling herself for something. "It seems... I'll have to be the one to..."

"Sit on the bed. Don't move. Leave everything... to me."

Charles was stunned. Did she really believe him? Was it really this easy to fool her?

He didn't understand what the original owner of this body had gone through. For now, he could only obediently sit on the bed. Then, he watched as the nun slowly stepped closer, gently lowering her head until her forehead pressed against his, their noses touching.

"Relax your body," she whispered, her voice tinged with shyness. "Then, follow your will... and use your hands... to explore my secrets..."

Charles was shocked. Though her words were cryptic, he understood!

Was she saying... he could slip his hand beneath her nun's habit and... do whatever he pleased?

This...

His heart pounded wildly, yet his muscles trembled. A deeper fear surged, locking his body rigid, nearly paralyzing him!

No—if this were truly allowed, why was this body so terrified?

This had to be a trap. He absolutely couldn't take the bait!

Frozen in place, he didn't move a muscle. Seeing this, the nun paused for a few seconds, then let out a soft sigh. "It seems... it's still not working."

"Then I will take it a step further..."

Muttering to herself, her face flushed even deeper, a shy maiden's timidity in her expression. Slowly, one by one, she undid the buttons of his pajamas from top to bottom. Then, with her delicate, jade-white hands, she reached out—and caressed his chest!

"Hah—!"

The moment he felt that exquisite touch, Charles' eyes widened in shock. Though his body burned with near-unbearable tension, an inexplicable fear deep inside made him instinctively retreat across the bed. "S-Sister... this... isn't appropriate..."

Before he could finish, the nun suddenly pushed with unexpected force, catching him off guard. In an instant, he was pinned onto the mattress!

And then she climbed atop him, pressing against his bare chest, her face flushed crimson. Her small, cherry-like lips parted, exhaling a sweet, warm breath as she whispered into his ear:

"There's nothing inappropriate about it. I just... want to make you feel good..."

Charles was utterly stunned. "You—!"

Wasn't she a nun? Why would she do something like this?

Just what kind of relationship did the original owner of this body have with her?!

His mind was nearly blank, but then he heard the nun's soft voice again:

"Your soul is too fragile... I can't use spells on you. So this is the only way... with my hands..."

"I've... never done this before. I might be a little clumsy. If it hurts, please... tell me right away..."

As she spoke, her tender fingers trailed downward, skimming over his abdomen—then grasped the waistband of his sleep pants... and gently began to pull—

"No...!"

Charles instinctively wanted to shield something, but clearly, in the face of reason, the body is a far more honest thing. His already raging penis, pointing fiercely at the sky, suddenly sprang out, terrifying and grotesque from engorgement!

The nun blushed, extended her fingers, and gently flicked them twice. Instantly, the inner morals and shame made Charles feel ashamed of himself. Shame on me!—until, in despair, he could only cover his eyes like an ostrich hiding its head in the sand.

But avoidance was futile. Immediately after, the nun's small hand grasped the penis and began stroking up and down. A powerful current surged through his mind, stimulating his scalp to the point of numbness, as if countless tiny insects were crawling all over his body!

"It seems we have a good start," the nun whispered softly upon seeing his expression, then lowered her body to explore further. Charles parted his fingers slightly and looked down to see her crouching by the bed, gently opening her cherry-like mouth—

"Ah—!"

The next moment, he gasped sharply. The fear that had gripped his entire body was swept away, leaving only an intense, indescribable pleasure and euphoria!

She swallowed it—she actually swallowed it all!

At this moment, he was so overwhelmed he nearly felt like crying.

This sensation, this experience... he had never, ever felt anything like it before!

As this realization surfaced in his heart, all traces of fear vanished entirely. Even his headache dissipated, his thoughts flowing freely without obstruction.

His body relaxed completely, savoring the service of the nun's small mouth, feeling her delicate tongue circling the center before swallowing it as deeply into her throat as possible. With every technique she could muster, awkward yet earnest, she attended to his body—

The nun suddenly let it out slowly, raised her eyes, and gazed at him with nervousness, shyness, and expectation: "Do you feel good?"

"Good..." Charles responded subconsciously. The experience had been so intense, he felt he was just one step away from heaven.

"If you feel good, then that's wonderful." The nun smiled shyly, then slowly rose before kneeling on the bed again, looking down at his body. "Now... it's my turn to feel good."

The next moment, her saintly face suddenly split apart. Rows of hooked, razor-sharp teeth sprouted from within the crimson flesh, growing rapidly until, in the blink of an eye, her mouth transformed into a monstrous, lamprey-like maw!

At the same time, her nun's habit began to shift wildly, morphing in an instant into countless ink-green tentacles covered in grotesque suckers, writhing madly through the room!

Then, three ink-green tentacles plunged down, forcing their way into his ears and mouth.

Charles froze. Overwhelming terror surged through him as horrific memories resurfaced.

He remembered.

He remembered what he had been doing last night.

And he remembered exactly who—or what—this woman before him was.

Last night, he was playing a lewd game called Witch Monastery, where he took on the role of a young priest, engaging in a battle of wits against seven witches lurking within the monastery—evil monsters that fed on human souls.

And now, the nun standing before him was the first witch he had conquered in the game—a terrifying entity from the ocean's depths, a deep-sea witch who delighted in tormenting minds with illusions and devouring fragments of souls just as her victims reached the brink of despair. Her name was Hattie!

He had actually transmigrated into this game world!

"Mmmph—!"

He struggled desperately, but two more tentacles shot down, binding his arms and legs, rendering him completely immobile!

"Bzzzt—"

The tentacle worming into his ear scraped against his eardrums, while the one slithering down his throat plunged deep into his esophagus, burrowing all the way into his stomach. Then, the tentacles began emitting a sickly green glow, draining his soul!

"Ghh—!"

In an instant, Charles felt as though his soul was being torn apart. His head throbbed violently, yet at this very moment, he couldn't even scream!

Help—!

I don't want to die—!

Someone—please save me—!

His mind roared in desperation—and just then, a cold, electronically synthesized female voice echoed abruptly in his head:

"Transmigration phenomenon detected. System initializing..."

"Conducting Host identity verification... Error. Host's physical body and soul do not match. Reverting to soul as primary identifier..."

"Host soul recognized as belonging to the Developer Clan. Granting highest-level access..."

"Greetings, Host. The Monastery Construction System is at your service."

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Monastery System

Hattie retracted all her tentacles, her split face merging back together. In the blink of an eye, she transformed from a terrifying, soul-draining witch back into the sweet, gentle, and compassionate nun—Sister Hattie.

Compared to before, she now looked radiant, her expression brimming with unparalleled joy and satisfaction—as if she had just feasted on a lavish meal or indulged in the most exhilarating release of desire.

She glanced down at Charles, who lay beneath her, barely clinging to life. With pity and reluctance, she cupped his face and whispered tenderly, "Rest well, dear Charles. You're my favorite gourmet food—I simply can't let you die so easily."

Charles stared blankly at the ceiling, his eyes hollow, as though his soul had been stripped away. Hattie, familiar with this reaction, paid it no mind. She stepped back onto the floor, then strode out of the room with pious grace, closing the door behind her.

Charles remained motionless on the bed, lifeless as a corpse.

Time slipped by. Outside, the sun crept southward until its harsh glare fell upon his face and eyes. Only then did he blink twice, then roll over with a pained groan.

His body curled like a lobster, muscles spasming. He clutched his head, his breaths ragged, his heart pounding violently. A sheen of sweat coated his forehead.

It hurts...

So terrifying... Is this what a soul-draining witch is like?

That agony—as if his brain had been torn in half—had convinced him, for a moment, that he was truly going to die.

This... I'll definitely have psychological scars from this. I might never recover...

His body trembled faintly. Only after what felt like an eternity did the torment of his drained soul finally fade. Weakly, he lay sprawled across the disheveled bed, staring at the ceiling, his eyes clouded with uncertainty about the future.

Damn it... Trapped here, no matter how I look at it, the future's hopeless...

According to the game's lore, until tamed by the player, the witches of this monastery drained the souls of hundreds of commoners every year—and because they targeted orphans, vagrants, and other unnoticed victims in this lawless city, their crimes had gone undetected.

So, most likely, the original owner of this body had been one such unlucky wretch, marked by a witch, his soul already devoured before yesterday.

Is that my fate too?

No... I have to at least try.

Escape?

Unlikely. Forget this weak body—even if I weren't frail, the protective magic arrays the witches placed around the monastery would be beyond me. I know nothing about magic.

And even if, by some miracle, I got out... How would I survive in this unfamiliar, crime-ridden city? No friends, no connections, just gangs and chaos.

As for following the original protagonist's method and sleeping with them into submission?

That's even more impossible. I'm not some Chosen One blessed by the Gods of Order who can overpower witches and fuck them into submission with sheer strength from Mount Celestia...

Huh?

Suddenly, his expression froze.

At that very moment, faint blue threads began materializing before his eyes, slowly weaving together to form a massive blue screen.

Centered at the top of the screen, bold English letters spelled out: "Monastery Construction System." Below it were two main sections: "Personal Attributes" and "Current status of the monastery."

In the bottom right corner, the screen displayed: "Purification Points: 0."

This interface was nearly identical to the status panel from "Witch Monastery" - the game he'd played - except it lacked a "Daily Gift" option and had "Purification Points" instead of "Gold."

Charles froze, his head throbbing with fresh pain. But with the pain came fragments of returning memory.

Right... When that witch was draining my soul earlier, I did hear the system booting up.

It seems every soul-draining strips away some memories. Unless I fight to recall them, they're lost forever.

hiss...

A chill ran down his spine, but then, staring at the azure screen before him, his heart began racing uncontrollably.

I might... have an even more broken cheat than the original protagonist!

"System!"

He whispered urgently, questions tumbling out: "System? What are you? What can you do? Are you sentient? Can you talk?"

The system remained silent, as if it only contained a single pre-recorded line, leaving everything else for the user to figure out through trial and error.

Fortunately, the interface seemed user-friendly enough, not too difficult to navigate.

With this thought, he tapped the first option: "Personal Attributes." A new interface appeared with a scrollbar on the right, displaying rows of data:

Host: Charles

Gender: Male

Race: Human Subspecies (Silver Kin)

Age: 15

Height: 1.69m

Weight: 49.7kg

Strength: 8

Agility: 9

Constitution: 7

Intelligence: 13

Perception: 12

Charisma: 20

Charles was stunned.

What? My Charisma is this high?

Wait, was this child's Charisma originally this high?

No, now that the soul is mine, it should be my Charisma...

A whirlwind of thoughts raced through his mind. Then he noticed that beside each attribute, there was a small plus sign and a question mark.

He reached out and tapped the question mark first. Immediately, a tooltip-like text appeared before him:

"The Charisma attribute represents the sum of one's physical appearance, leadership, and innate attraction to supernatural magical energies. The average human's Charisma is 10 or 11. Values higher than this indicate exceptional talent, and normal humans cannot exceed 20.

High Charisma attracts not only one's own kind but also beings of other races, elemental creatures, and even deities and fiends."

Charles suddenly understood. The original owner of this body must have attracted a witch due to his excessively high Charisma, leading to such a gruesome end.

After all, according to the game's lore, Hattie was born when the power of the deep sea became tainted by corruption, transforming her into the deep-sea witch.

Now that he grasped the meaning of Charisma, he eyed his attributes and tentatively tapped one of the plus signs.

Instantly, a dialog box popped up on the screen with six bold words: "Insufficient Purification Points."

Alright, so "Purification Points" were the sole currency of this system.

But how could he obtain them?

He tapped the words "Purification Points" in the lower-right corner, but nothing happened. Frustrated, he pressed the scroll wheel on the right side of the screen and slowly dragged it downward—

New entries unfolded before him:

Class: None

Class Ability: Purification

Feats: None

Spells: None

Ah, this must be it!

He tapped the small question mark next to "Purification," and another tooltip appeared:

"The Host's core ability. Purifies the bodies and souls of evil creatures, enslaving them as soul-bound servants and granting Purification Points.

Trigger conditions: Silently chant 'Purification' while maintaining physical contact with the target."

Good, so this system's mechanics differed slightly from the game.

He then opened the second major tab. As the page switched, a familiar in-game building panel came into view:

Level 1 Monastery

Area: 2,200 square meters

Upgrade Requirements: Expand to 10,000 square meters and spend 1,000 Purification Points.

Currently Buildable: Kitchen, Dormitory, Warehouse, Prayer Room...

After Level 2: Goblin Quarters, Trading Post, Altar...

The familiar panel and terms jogged his memory. A thrill of excitement ran through him as he recalled last night's meticulous planning—his optimal upgrade path for a pure love route: Skip all Level 1 buildings, immediately fundraise and extort, then solo the Rubble District to farm money, save up for a Level 2 Monastery, unlock the Trading Post and Goblin Quarters first...

...Wait, no!

He pinched himself hard, took two deep breaths, and forced himself to calm down.

A comfortable life was still far away. Surviving the immediate crisis was far from guaranteed!

Right now, the top priority was purifying Hattie and turning her into his servant.

Even with this cheat-like system, it couldn't grant him immediate power. He was still weak—he needed a plan.

He had to catch her off guard, lull her into lowering her defenses, then suddenly cast "Purification."

And ideally, trap her in a position where she couldn't move or cast spells easily.

Spells generally required two components: gestures and incantations. The former demanded precise movements, while the latter needed clear speech. Disrupt either, and the spell would fail.

So, during the ambush, he should either hold her hand... or be kissing her.

To fulfill both conditions, he'd need to trick Hattie into, well...

Definitely not while she was biting him—if she panicked and actually clamped down, the loss would outweigh the gain.

The best scenario would be holding hands while kissing. But what excuse could he use to make her kiss him...?

He racked his brain, weighing each plan's feasibility, every excuse's credibility, and the nitty-gritty of execution.

Hiss... Damn it, in my past life, I never had to seduce a terrifying woman like this!

The sun crept southward, its rays intensifying as noon approached. Rubbing his temples, he felt a dull ache—his mind was stretched thin.

Just then, the door creaked open again.

Charles jolted upright on the bed. Turning, he saw Hattie standing in the doorway, a basket in hand.

Seeing him sitting up, the deep-sea-born witch disguised as a nun flashed a tender smile. "Oh good, you're recovering well."

After a pause, she added softly, "Are you hungry? I made your favorite—carrot bread and fresh shrimp herb soup. Eat while it's warm."

Charles's heart pounded. His plan was far from ready. But forcing a smile, he nodded meekly, playing the obedient role perfectly. "Mm!"

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Conquer the Witch

Hattie sat on the edge of the bed, placing the basket on the nightstand. "You're too weak," she said softly. "Don't move. Let me feed you."

She lifted the lid, releasing a rich, savory aroma. Inside lay a shallow, round bowl filled to the brim with thick vegetable soup studded with plump shrimp. Beside it rested three golden slices of bread, steaming and fragrant.

The tantalizing scent assaulted Charles' senses. His stomach growled, hunger surging through him—he realized then just how long it had been since he'd last eaten.

Hiss... Fine. I'll purify her after I eat.

Hattie picked up a slice of bread, dipped it into the soup, and brought it to Charles' lips. Obediently, he opened his mouth, taking a bite as he savored the flavors—

Hiss... Why does it taste like seawater?

The odd briny aftertaste made him frown. Then it struck him: in this world's primitive economy, refined salt was a luxury. And since this was a port city, a faint oceanic bitterness in the food wasn't unusual.

Well... At least it's edible.

He chewed reluctantly, brows knit. Hattie's face fell at his expression. "Does it... not taste good? I'm sorry. I'm still learning to cook this kind of food properly..."

Her genuine dismay made Charles sigh inwardly. If only you were really just a nun, not draining my soul...

"It's delicious," he lied gently. "I'm just... still weak. Tired."

Her eyes brightened like spring blossoms. "I'm so glad you like it, dear Charles."

Then, her gaze flickered. A blush crept across her cheeks. "Since you're still frail, maybe..."

She bit her lower lip, as if steeling herself, then dipped another piece of bread into the soup—but instead of offering it to him, she placed it between her own lips.

By now, her face was crimson. Yet she didn't stop. Before Charles could react, she leaned in, eyes fluttering shut, and pressed her lips to his.

His eyes flew wide. The warmth, the softness—his body reacted instantly.

Worse (or better?), her delicate tongue slipped into his mouth, tangling with his own.

This witch...

Is she always this forward?!

His body trembled as if driven by instinct. His hands clutched at Hattie's nun's habit, fumbling desperately for an opening, craving to scale those lush peaks!

Noticing his movements, Hattie's face flushed deeper, yet she did not resist. Instead, she seized his hand, guiding him to lift her skirt and slip beneath the nun's habit from below.

Only when his fingers brushed against her delicate, soft skin did Charles suddenly realize—beneath that seemingly dark, modest, and heavy nun's habit, she was completely bare!

Hattie wore nothing underneath!

This discovery sent his desire surging even higher, his body swelling until it threatened to burst!

Seeing the witch still ruddy complexion, eyes closed, reveling in his wet kisses and caresses, Charles steeled himself. Remembering her cruel nature, he silently chanted:

"Purification!"

In an instant, milky light erupted from his skin, crawling up Hattie's body through his lips and hands. A surge of pure, overwhelming power flooded his veins, banishing hunger, exhaustion, and pain—every muscle thrummed with vitality, like an athlete primed for action.

Hattie's eyes flew open. She tore her lips away with a contorted scream: "Ghk—ahh!"

A guttural snarl ripped from her throat. Murky light pulsed beneath her skin as her thick nun's wimple writhed, tentacles squirming beneath the fabric.

But then, her tone turned utterly horrified: "What's going on?! I can't even..."

She tried to step back. Seeing this, Charles swiftly moved his hands to her back, barely registering the smooth, soft sensation as he held her tight, then threw his whole body into the motion—

Huh?

Why's she so light?!

No time to question why a deep-sea horror weighed nothing. In one motion, he flipped her onto the bed.

The move laid his intentions bare. Hattie's eyes flew wide, her gaze a mix of shock and betrayal. "You? You dare betray me?!"

Never in her darkest nightmares had she imagined this food—this weakling whose soul she'd drained for over a fortnight—could suddenly wield power to threaten her very existence.

"You... Lowly human beings!"

Her beautiful face twisted into something monstrous. The gentleness, the elegance—mere camouflage to tenderize her prey. Now, cornered, her true nature erupted like pus from a lanced wound.

Inky shadows pooled beneath her. Emerald-black tentacles writhed upward—only to disintegrate under the milky glow that clung to her skin, purifying every attempt at resistance.

"You actually..." Hattie's rage boiled over when she realized her power was sealed. "I'll torment you for eternity! Make you beg for death that never comes!"

She thrashed like a netted shark. Charles' heart hammered against his ribs, sweat drenching his brow. The situation teetered on chaos.

No—must restrain her!

But... with what strength?

THUD!

Suddenly, seizing a gap, Hattie exerted force suddenly, turned over, and pressed Charles under her!

Her hands locked around his throat. "Die, you wretched maggot!"

"Ghk—!"

Charles' vision speckled black. His struggles were pathetic against her eldritch might—like a child fighting a tsunami.

Then—epiphany.

Hattie's Weakness!

As the first witch tamed by the player, Hattie is characterized by her immense power but extreme sensitivity. The slightest touch can leave her weak and trembling, and just a few advances are enough to conquer her!

Though it's unclear how things work in the real world, right now, there's no other choice!

Coincidentally, his hands were already inside her nun's habit, and this witch wasn't wearing any undergarments. His hands trailed down her body, gliding over her flat, soft abdomen and full, rounded hips. His fingers brushed through neatly trimmed curls before exploring the plush, delicate inner thighs—and sure enough, he touched something already swollen and hardened...

"You—!"

The hands gripping his throat suddenly went slack as Hattie's entire body slumped downward. Her eyes burned with hatred, yet her body betrayed her, losing all strength!

It really worked!

Seizing the opportunity, Charles flipped her over, pinning the witch beneath him once more. While reclaiming control, his hands didn't stop: his middle finger traced the moist slit, soon finding the tight entrance hidden between her folds, and slowly pushed inside!

"Ugh... You wretched maggot, how dare you—oh—!"

A seductive moan escaped Hattie's lips. Her snow-white thighs clenched subconsciously, and Charles suddenly felt an overwhelming pressure crushing his poor finger from all sides!

Such an intense reaction!

That means I'm doing it right!

But what next?

Countless tutorial videos flashed through his mind as Charles clumsily moved his finger. Instantly, Hattie's back arched slightly, her expression contorted, and her cries grew increasingly conflicted: "No—ah—ahhh—!"

Abruptly, he felt a surge like crashing waves around his finger. Then, the brutal terror of a witch stiffened, her eyes glazing over before she collapsed limply onto the bed!

So... it worked?

His heart raced, breath heavy with relief. Staring at Hattie's dazed eyes, flushed cheeks, and weak panting, he felt a fire ignite within him too.

Since... why not...?

With that thought, he reached down with his other hand, pulling off his sleep pants. His already erect penis sprang free, bouncing before Hattie's eyes.

Yet, this witch who had claimed countless lives now lay breathless, her curses feeble: "You filthy human... I'll never allow you... to defile my noble body..."

But it was too late. A milky purification glow enveloped her—she couldn't even revert to her true form, let alone wield her power.

So, Charles lifted the skirt of her nun's habit from below, revealing Hattie's flawless, porcelain-like body in its entirety!

Her perfectly shaped, full breasts stood firm even while lying down, their rosy peaks stiff and aroused. Her flat abdomen was soft and inviting, with a cute, sensual navel. Further down, her ample, rounded hips and plush, toned thighs formed a flawless curve. Beneath the sparse, pale-green triangle of curls lay her already drenched entrance...

He could hold back no longer. In an instant, he lunged forward, his left hand gripping one breast, marveling at its incredible softness and elasticity, the supple flesh spilling between his fingers!

Meanwhile, his mouth latched onto the other breast, sucking, his tongue teasing the adorable pink peak. Already sensitive, Hattie panted uncontrollably under his relentless assault!

Her arms weakly pushed at his shoulders as she continued to rage: "Get off, you bedbug-like creature, don't touch me... no, stop, move away, get out, just get out..."

Perhaps for the first time in her life, her voice carried something akin to fear. Because she could feel it—the massive glans of his penis pressing against her soaked entrance.

Then, it pushed forward slowly, parting the tight folds, delving deeper, deeper—

Charles' hips thrust sharply forward.

"Ugh—!"

Two tears of humiliation rolled down Hattie's cheeks. In that moment, she—a noble creature born of the world's root power—was forced into the unity of body and soul with a lowly material life.

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: The Witch of Purification

No further instruction was needed, for what Charles was doing next was something he was naturally adept at—life itself.

Every inch of his muscles trembled wildly, fully immersed in this carnival of life. He pressed down on Hattie's delicate, flawless body from head to toe, heedless of her furious curses and sobs, focused solely on his own relentless thrusting, again and again.

But as the light of Purification completely enveloped the witch's body, her heartless insults gradually transformed into melodious moans. Her arms wrapped around his neck, her soft waist began to sway actively, matching Charles's movements, until they reached the peak of pleasure together during his first climax.

Maintaining the posture of their recent intimate union, the two embraced each other and fell into a deep slumber.

Yet, while Charles slept, the system's work was far from over. A milky light passed continuously between them, and some of the soul power that originally belonged to its owner slowly returned to his body, replenishing his rather weak soul...

In slumber, he felt himself trapped in an excruciatingly long dream.

In the dream, he was born into an ordinary family in Liberl Port's East Harbor District. His father, a retired soldier from the colonial navy of the Northern Empire of Sein, chose to remain there after retirement, becoming a City Guard. His mother, a local orphan whose parents had died in a monster attack, made a living as a laundress.

Both parents were devout believers of the Goddess of Life and, being moderately well-off, young Charles was able to attend school, where he performed well. Though the family was not wealthy and his parents often quarreled, life was at least tolerable.

But then, times changed. Due to various circumstances, Liberl Port downsized its guard force, restricting their duties to wealthy residential districts. His father lost his stable job

and income, forced to become a freelancer—and in turn, grew increasingly volatile, quick-tempered, and unreasonable.

At that time, his mother was pregnant with his sister. The stress left her melancholic, and after giving birth, she fell gravely ill, passing away four years later. Her death shattered what little restraint his father had left. He succumbed to alcoholism and gambling, beating Charles at the slightest provocation and eventually refusing to pay his tuition.

Young Charles tried scavenging to scrape together enough for school, but the fees were beyond his reach. Eventually, he had to drop out. When he returned home, broken and defeated, he was met with even worse news: to settle his gambling debts, his father had sold his little sister to human traffickers...

Enraged, Charles fought with his father, even attempting to stab the veteran. Failing, he fled the East Harbor District—but with no skills, he couldn't go far. He ended up in the poorer, more chaotic South Harbor District, barely surviving as a scavenger, drifting without hope.

Then one day, starving, he heard that a nearby monastery had nuns offering porridge to the poor. He went to beg for a meal—only to realize too late that it was a trap set by witches scouting for "food." That very night, Hattie dragged him into the monastery, used illusions to stoke his desires, and then drained his soul...

How tragic.

After reliving Nigel Charles's short, miserable life in the dream, the slumbering Charles gradually awoke. He opened his eyes slowly and let out a quiet sigh.

Fate is really unfair to everyone, and all he can do is hold on to the chips in his hand and live well.

Thinking of this, he turned his head slightly and looked out the window. It was already evening, and the huge dark red sun was hanging on the edge of the western horizon, trying to bring the last bit of warmth and light to the earth.

By the fading light, he could see the disarray of his bed. Naked Hattie lay entwined with him, her proud, snow-white breasts pressed against his chest. The soft, elastic sensation sent another surge of heat through his body.

His mental and physical state seemed remarkably fine now?

Yes, his mind was clear, energized—he felt as if he'd never been in better shape...

His hands couldn't resist wandering over Hattie's body, kneading, savoring that exquisite sensation. As he caressed her, the slumbering witch furrowed her brows slightly, her dazed eyes fluttering open—clearly awakened by his touch.

But the moment she recognized him, her gaze flooded with boundless gentleness. Her delicate lips parted, her voice brimming with adoration and attachment: "Master..."

Then, to his shock, she wrapped her arms around him, pressing close with utter contentment.

Charles froze. He'd imagined how the witch might react upon waking—rage? Sobbing? Resignation?

He'd considered every possibility... except this. Hattie acted as though her affection for him had maxed out, even calling him Master?

This...

"...Hattie?" He gripped her wrist, uneasy, and whispered, "You... don't hate me?"

Hattie looked up at him, blinking her large, aqua-blue eyes, confusion lacing her tone. "I don't hate you, Master, why would you think so?"

Charles fumbled for words. Her furious expression from before was still vivid in his mind. "Because, well...I mean, didn't you...lose your power and freedom?"

Hattie smiled, then hugged him, resting her head against his chest. Her eyes slid shut as she murmured, "I haven't lost my power, Master. And as for freedom..."

"I feel very fulfilled now, with a sense of security, and no longer have the emptiness, emptiness and confusion I once had..."

"I've never experienced happiness like this before. Something so real. I could've never imagined it. Today should be remembered forever...the most important turning point of my fate."

Her whisper carried pure sincerity, and as Charles listened, he suddenly understood. A quiet sigh escaped him.

So that's it... This was the witches' flaw?

Witches weren't normal, complete creatures of the material world. In a way, they were more like fiends from a bottomless abyss—born from the chaos and disorder of energy beyond the world, merging with magic or natural phenomena to become what they were now.

They gained monstrous true forms, ever-shifting magical abilities...yet they craved the emotions they couldn't produce themselves: the ordinary joys and sorrows of humans. That was why they took such delight in toying with, tormenting humans, before finally draining their souls.

But now, after his purification, it seemed Hattie's flaw had been filled—even overfilled, turning her into his most devoted follower?

The thought sent a thrill through Charles. After all, Hattie's method of draining souls, cruel and evil as it was, counted as merciful among witches.

If his purification ability could truly redeem them...what a boon that would be for the world.

Thinking this way, he grew increasingly excited. Then, he lowered his head, gazing at Hattie's attachment, her rosy lips, her bare snow-white delicate body, and her full, upright bosom. Unable to resist the surging flames of desire within him, his large hand reached out to grasp her once more.

"Mmm..." A seductive moan escaped Hattie's throat, yet she offered no resist. Like a swan, she arched her snow-white neck, eagerly pressing her moist lips to Charles's mouth, craving his kiss.

Without hesitation, Charles leaned down and captured her soft, warm lips. He felt her delicate tongue boldly yet shyly probing, yearning to entwine with his...

"Hattie, are you still in there?"

A cold, clear woman's voice rang from outside, shattering the heated moment between the two.

And now, with his memories restored, Charles instantly recognized the speaker.

Blade Witch—Ruth.

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Ruth's Murderous Intent

The Blade Witch—second strongest among the seven witches of the monastery—had a peculiar taste. She delighted in striking when her victims were utterly defenseless, savoring only that fleeting moment of confusion when they realized, "Oh... I'm already dead." Such a wasteful indulgence, yet one she considered exquisite.

And such extravagance could never sate her boundless appetite. Her hands were stained with more blood than the other six nuns combined!

Now, this cruel and bloodthirsty nun stood outside the room, her voice calm yet laced with faint confusion as she inquired about Hattie's condition.

Charles tensed instantly. Hattie, too, swiftly suppressed all traces of desire and hurriedly replied, "Ah - yes! I'm inhalation, don't come in..."

As she spoke, she scrambled off the bed, hastily pulling on her loose nun's habit while draping a woolen blanket over Charles, tucking him in—

Creak—

Ruth, of course, ignored Hattie's warning. She pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Instinctively, Charles turned his head toward the doorway—and for the first time in reality, laid eyes upon this witch.

Compared to Hattie, who stood nearly five-foot-seven with a plump and full figure, Ruth was far more petite. She barely reached five feet, her form draped in a sleek, form-fitting black nun's habit that revealed little of her chest, giving her an almost petite and cute appearance.

Or perhaps lean and lethally cold.

Her delicate face betrayed no emotion. Her purple-red eyes gleamed with a razor-sharp intensity. Though dressed as a nun, she radiated an aura of danger that warned all to stay away.

Yet, for those audacious in the extreme, it only stirred a blasphemous urge—to defile her icy composure, to twist it into something humiliated and undone.

While Charles simmered with such audacity, Hattie startled, quickly turning to Ruth with a strained, reproachful look. "Why did you barge in? I told you, I'm —"

She tried to deflect, but Ruth ignored her. Instead, the Blade Witch inhaled sharply—and her fine brows knitted in disgust.

The stench was overwhelming.

Man. Woman. Here. There. And all over Hattie's body.

But the thickest concentration clung to the man on the bed—the pungent, unmistakable reek of male lust.

And on the sheets, mingled with Hattie's scent, was the intoxicating fragrance of Root Power, a force meant solely for witches, never to be shared with another being.

They had done it—right here, on this bed!

The realization sent Ruth's chest heaving violently. Fury ignited in her heart, her purple red eyes flashing with disbelief as she glared at Hattie. "You actually—!"

Hattie's heart pounded, but she forced defiance. "Actually what? What do you want?"

Charles also stole a glance at Ruth, his heart uneasy. But then, the Blade Witch suddenly turned her head and looked straight at him.

Caught off guard, he met her purple-red gemlike eyes—and instantly, pain lanced through his vision like needles. He shut his eyes reflexively, tears streaming down.

As he shed tears, his mind screamed in shock. Is this the strength of the witch ranked second in the monastery? He almost got blinded by her gaze after only looking at her once!

Really outrageous. It seemed that as an ordinary human, he had no choice but to be extremely cautious when facing these witches!

He remained inwardly vigilant. Meanwhile, Ruth's fury—fueled by his earlier actions—was like adding fuel to the fire!

Filthy, lowly human! A lesser lifeform only fit to serve as soul food for witches! Not only had he taken a witch's body, but now he dared to audaciously stare at her!

An unforgivable wretch—he deserved to be torn limb from limb!

"Hattie!" she snapped, her voice sharp and unyielding. "You actually... did that with him?! This is a grave violation of the Abbey's rules! The entire monastery will be shamed by your actions!"

Even now, though Charles was as good as dead in her eyes, she remained cautious. She spoke only of the monastery's doctrines, never once mentioning witches.

This was their unspoken rule—to avoid carelessness that might expose their secrets to outsiders.

Hattie merely raised an eyebrow. "He's my pet. How I enjoy his body and soul is my choice. It's hardly your place to interfere."

Ruth's eyes widened. "You—!"

She never expected this woman, already known for her madness, to abandon even a witch's pride and stoop to coupling with a human!

Hattie straightened, her chest rising defiantly. Though weaker in Strength, her height and figure far surpassed Ruth's—and now, she held the upper hand in presence. "This is my freedom, Ruth. Don't interfere with my preferences."

Charles listened silently, his heart pounding. But in his current state—weak, magicless—there was nothing he could do. He couldn't possibly cross the seven or eight meters between them before Ruth reacted, let alone Purify her...

So, he could only tremble.

Finally, though stronger than Hattie, Ruth had no desire to clash over such a trivial matter. She took a step back and sighed. "Fine. I didn't mean to reprimand you. It's just... unexpected, given your pride."

Hattie smirked, inwardly relieved to have dodged disaster.

Charles exhaled quietly—until Ruth made another demand. "But... hasn't he been your plaything for days? His soul must be weak by now. Hand him over to me."

His heart leapt to his throat.

She wanted him!

This request was not unusual among witches—especially coming from Ruth. Most witches preferred healthy souls, so someone like Charles, drained for seven or eight days and left utterly feeble, was considered rather bland in their eyes.

But what Ruth craved was the confusion of a sudden, violent death, regardless of the soul's strength. Thus, the witches often gifted her the dregs of nearly consumed souls for her to finish off. This way, she would hunt less in the slums, avoiding too many deaths that might draw suspicion from outsiders.

So, it was a perfectly reasonable request among witches. And against it, Hattie could only stubbornly refuse:

"No, I'm not done playing with him yet!"

But she knew this excuse wasn't nearly enough. So before Ruth could speak again, she quickly cut in, turning the blame around first: "Ruth, have you been very hungry recently? Or are you afraid to go out hunting? How come you come here and take my pet, which is not done playing?"

Instantly, Ruth's brows furrowed sharply. "Impossible! I just thought—after you've been toying with this one for seven or eight days, it's about time to dispose of him. So... Hm?"

As she spoke, she turned her head, scrutinizing Charles on the bed. Only now, when she focused intently, did she realize in surprise that his soul burned bright and healthy—nothing like a dying man at all!

Indeed, killing him now would be wasteful... a pity, even.

This...

"...Fine." In the end, she conceded once more, unwilling to argue further over such a trivial matter. "Just make sure you know your limits. Don't let this one human lead you to break more taboos than a nun should."

Hattie chuckled softly. "I know. No need for your reminders."

Ruth said nothing else. She turned, closed the door, and slipped away without a sound.

Then, in the room, both Charles and Hattie let out long, quiet sighs of relief.

They'd managed to bluff their way through!